

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1806.

[No. 2.]

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

THE ROBBER.

An interesting narrative, from the pen of a celebrated English writer.

(In continuation.)

IT so happened that a scheme of this sort had suggested itself to Mr. Sedley: he had considered, that he should but half do his duty, perhaps, if he turned this young man loose on society to incur the risk of fresh temptations and of fresh crimes; and that it would therefore be better for him to employ him himself, and secure him the means of superintending his conduct: and the wish to do this was considerably strengthened, when Theodore, with looks and tones well calculated to inspire confidence, addressed him as above.

After a pause, Mr. Sedley said, "You shall live with me:" and Theodore, clasping his hands, raised his eyes to Heaven, tears trickling down his cheeks, as if imploring a blessing on him.

Allen, meanwhile, was convinced that his master was mad; and again he expostulated with him; but "Silence!" was his only answer. Still when he recollected that Theodore was not only pardoned, but was to live in the same house as himself, his pride took the alarm, and in a pert voice he said,—“So, sir, this amiable gentleman is to be my fellow-servant, is he?”

"No, sir—he is to have your place," answered Mr. Sedley.

"My—my place, Sir? What have I done, sir, that I am to be turned away to make room for a—a——?"

"A what?" cried Theodore involuntarily, and looking defiance at him. "But forgive me," he added, "you and every one ought to revile me."

"No one shall dare to do it before me," said Mr. Sedley. "Mr. Allen, come hither, sir," he continued. "you will own, that both you and your family owe me great obligations."

"Certainly, certainly, sir, and we are always very ready to acknowledge our sense of them."

"Are you as ready to *prove* it, sir?"

"I hope so, sir."

"Then, you see this Bible—Take it, and repeat after me, not only the common oath, but one that I shall dictate; and swear on the holy word of God never to disclose the transactions of this evening; that is, never by act, word, or deed to let any one know, or suspect, that Theodore ever was otherwise than the respectable young man which, I trust, his future conduct will prove him to be."—Allen hesitated:—Remember, sir, you are about to secure my constant friendship, or incur my enmity." Allen took the oath, and Theodore blessed him.

Now, Allen," said Mr. Sedley, "I mean to take your present place away

from you; but it is that I may give you a better. I shall make you one of my clerks; but at present I have business for you to do at my country-house. You are a clever, honest young man, and have respectable connections; therefore I shall not hesitate to confide in you."

During part of this speech Allen looked distressed, but his expression was that of gratitude to his master; and when Mr. Sedley desired him, as it was late, to take Theodore with him to prepare a bed for him, Allen obeyed cheerfully; and in a kind voice desired Theodore to follow him. He did so, having first again blessed and thanked Mr. Sedley; who himself retired to bed, but not to rest:—the occurrences of the night, and their consequences, were indeed enough to banish sleep.

He had been in imminent danger of his life; and the man who had assailed it, he had promised to take into his house, and employ about his person! And as he reflected on what he had done, he trembled at his own rashness. "True," thought Mr. Sedley, "I have only one child, and that a daughter at school, and I have no near relations, nor any one living with me who can be injured or endangered by an association with this unhappy youth; therefore I am at liberty to please myself, and act up to my own ideas of right in this business. But have I not endangered my own peace? Shall I be able to follow up my indulgence to this man by a liberal though cautious confidence in him? Shall I not at times be tormented with suspicions of

him? Shall I not still see him, in fancy, on the point of plunging the murderous weapon in my breast? And, if he should not be as well disposed as I am now willing to think him, shall I not, if he sees my suspicions, be liable to excite his hatred, and be the object of his vengeance? He knows he is in my power; and that, though I bound Allen by an oath not to betray him, I am not bound to secrecy myself. If, then, I ever incur his enmity, how can I be sure that he who has once sought my life, may not, urged by fear and revenge, be easily induced to attempt a similar crime again? However, all these ideas should have occurred to me sooner. I dare not now disappoint the hopes which I have raised; and by endeavouring to give Theodore right motives of action, I will try to prevent all danger of being forced to reprove or distrust him."

Mr. Sedley was right in supposing he should not be able to follow up properly his generous conduct towards Theodore; for he was naturally suspicious, and his understanding was not vigorous enough to enable him to reason down his sensations; and a proof of this he soon exhibited.

Mr. Sedley's study was apart from the house, and a flight of steps led up to it. One night, when Mr. Sedley was writing there, by some means or other, he having fallen asleep over his papers, the room took fire, and he was awakened by the noise and warmth of the flames; nor had he time to contrive any means of escaping before he became insensible, and fell prostrate on the crackling timbers. When he recovered his senses, he found himself in the open air supported by Theodore; who, happening to be on the spot when the fire broke out, rushed up the stairs at the hazard of his life, and snatched his benefactor from inevitable destruction.—But how could such an accident happen? was the general question.—That, Mr. Sedley could not tell. But he was too unwell that night to go on with

any conversation; and after loudly commending Theodore's courage, and declaring that he owed his life to him, he retired to bed.

The next morning Allen repeated his inquiries how the fire could have been occasioned, and Mr. Sedley his answer.

"Well, it is very strange," observed Allen, "that no one but Theodore should be walking by at the very critical moment! What should he do skulking there at so late an hour, unless he had some particular reason for being there?"

"What reason should he have?" replied Mr. Sedley pettishly, and turned away.

But Allen's observation had awakened a painful suspicion in his mind. Was it impossible that Theodore had set fire to the study on purpose that he might watch his opportunity, and rush in time enough to save Mr. Sedley's life and property, in order to endear himself to him?—or had he robbed him of any bank notes, and hoped to conceal the theft by setting fire to the premises? Then again these suspicions seemed to him both absurd and cruel, and he would entertain them no longer.—Still in spite of himself, when he saw Theodore, he found that he did not receive and thank him with that ardour which he ought to have felt on seeing the preserver of his life.

"We are on equal terms, now," said Mr. Sedley, affecting great ease: "I probably saved your life, and now you have saved mine."

"On equal terms!" exclaimed Theodore: "Do not disparage yourself so far as to imagine such a thing possible! You not only saved my life, but you saved my reputation; and you forgave me, though I had raised my guilty hand against you! What I did, I should have been a reptile had I not done—what you did, exalted you to a level with the highest."

Mr. Sedley observed with pleasure,

not unmixed with compunction, the virtuous warmth, and expression of countenance with which he uttered this, and his suspicions vanished; especially when, on Allen's saying to Theodore, "I wonder what could induce you to be walking such a cold night, and at so late an hour, near that spot; I should never have thought of such a thing,"—the latter replied, with an indignant yet manful look at him, "You are too happy to delight in wandering at such hours, and in such a season—you never raised your hand against the life of a fellow-creature, nor saw yourself on the point of bringing a parent's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. You can sleep,—I would, but cannot sleep."

"Still it is very strange!"

"What is strange?" replied Theodore, coming up to him with a quivering lip, and an eye full of terrible and revengeful meaning.

"It was strange, and fortunate, that you should be on the spot when the fire took place," said Allen turning pale.

"It was fortunate—it was a blessed event indeed," replied Theodore, "and I have not lived in vain."

Mr. Sedley immediately held out his hand to him; and with more heartfelt satisfaction than he had done before he thanked and blessed him: but he could not be easy without examining the closet in which he kept his papers and notes, and which the fire luckily, had not touched.

It so happened that Mr. Sedley had amused himself by keeping a journal, which was deposited in this closet: some of it he had made into a book; but the journal of the last two months was still in single sheets; and that sheet in which he had noted down his rencontre with Theodore was missing; nor could it any where be found. This circumstance recalled all his suspicions: Theodore, he concluded, had entered his room when he

was absent ; had looked over his papers ; and, seeing his story chronicled, had resolved to destroy the written evidence of his shame ; and then, being a desperate being, he had, to hide what he had done, endangered the premises and life of his benefactor ; but struck with horror and remorse, had repented, and rushing in, saved both him and his property.—Yet surely he could not be such a villain !—and Mr. Sedley blushed for his suspicions.

"I will tell him," said he to himself, "of my loss, and watch his looks."

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON BEAUTY, No. 2.

HOW short and evanescent is this tyrant's reign ! How few are the moments in which she is able to lead her votaries captives to her shrine ! How unstable her supremacy, and how fickle her power. Who is there then, that would sacrifice the substantial acquisitions of virtue and knowledge, to the gaudy trappings of outward beauty ? Who is there, to gain our momentary applause and admiration, would neglect the cultivation of their intellectual faculties ? by which alone they are able to insure the lasting esteem of virtue and of wisdom.

Beauty, when united to sense, how charming the combination ; but, when separated, the latter is entitled to precedence. To the gay and thoughtless part of mankind, the most shining wit, and brilliant talents in a female destitute of charms, are passed over unheeded and neglected. Others (among men of a Philosophic cast) endowed with all attractions of external beauty, yet deficient in literary attainments, and wanting that interior polish which a refined education can alone bestow, are by these generally con-

sidered as mere baubles, unworthy the attention of the philosopher or the man of letters. Such are the different sentiments of men, engaged in various pursuits, concerning female beauty and excellence. In these speculative points, the majority will always entertain opinions different from the minority. The many will always admire a female for external and the few for internal grace. The unlettered man will esteem a woman for the qualities of her heart, the philosopher for those of the head, the voluptuary for the person, and the man of sense and refinement, for those three combined ; the latter of which thinks, (and perhaps very justly) that innate grace and loveliness, added to a strong masculine sense, are qualities which can alone render a female truly captivating, and that the profoundest sense cannot make up for the deficiency of feminine softness and delicacy, or the noblest flights of genius atone for the slightest departure from the paths of moral rectitude.

B.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

I CONFESS myself a friend to your publication, and therefore hope you will not refuse my remarks which are offered in admonition, and with a view to benefit the fair, to whose use you expressly devote it.

The season has now arrived when a change of apparel is strictly necessary, in order to keep away the evil consequences of cold on the system. In the particular of dress some young ladies are strangely negligent.—Many of them, in the coldest season, daringly encounter the inclement elements. Balls, assemblies, and the theatre, are visited without sufficient attention to this particular. To make an elegant and a fashionable appearance, they brave, and apparently most willingly, the season's rudest blast. How many, from these causes contract

pulmonary complaints, and are hurried, without sufficient "reckoning made," on that journey "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

To witness the masterly representations of Mr. Cooper ; the judicious and energetic performances of Mr. Fennel ; the chaste, though oftentimes comic, delineations of Mr. Harwood, are, I confess, strong incitements to the fair, to visit this scene of fashionable resort. But why not go warmly clad ? How great the change of air from the boxes to the coach, or street. If you are anxious to witness the sorrows of the Danish prince, and to hear the piteous accents of the "pretty Ophelia," attended the scene in warm habiliments.—If to grace the splendid ball room is your pride, be careful at the conclusion, of your health. The clothing of most gentlemen is proof against the winter's cold ; and they, no doubt, would compliment your discernment in following their example. During the severest season, many ladies, shivering with cold and chilly faintings, parade our streets. The airiness of their costume claims attention ; the elegance of their forms is discernible ; and, from causes so flattering to their vanity, they sacrifice heaven's best gift to them, their HEALTH. Be no longer deceived ye inconsiderate fair ones. With men possessing correct views, your appearance excites pity, not respect.

I do not mean that my remarks should extend generally to the sex. No—many there are, I well know, who need not any caution from me. To the less considerate I write—to those whose sense of propriety is subservient to their vanity, I address myself ; and warn them of the danger of prosecuting a line of conduct repugnant to physical calculation, and diametrically opposite to common sense.

PHILO.

Who can conceal his joy
than he who can hide his

For the Lady's Miscellany.

(Selected.)

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

ALEXANDER, and Godfrey were two young gentlemen, whose acquaintance had begun with the earliest period of their lives. They were sons of the principal families of the same town; they had been accustomed to play together in their infancy: they had been educated at the same school; the same tutor had attended them in their travels; and they had, during that interesting period of their lives, continued that amity, which was begun when *fancy* rather than *reason*, had inspired it. Godfrey, in their return from their tour, had left his friend at Lyons: fixed by the radiant eyes of some beauty of the place, and without a desire ever to see his country, at the expense of leaving the object of his warmer wishes. Alexander was not the only man who had a heart susceptible of impressions from the fatal charms of this beauty. Among the number who became his rivals, an English Nobleman, setting forward on his tour, was stopped by the soft enchantment. The rivals met at her lodgings: *the lady was divided* in her choice; and neither of them could give up their pretensions. They determined on the *only* decision. They pursued the same route to the confines of Flanders. They fought, and Alexander was the more fortunate. The consequence of a duel is *seldom foreseen* by those who engage in it:—*even the best is terrible*. The death of his rival, instead of making his way easy to his mistress, separated Alexander from her for ever. The affair was no secret. He could not return to Lyons. It was equally unsafe for him to see his own country, where the friends of his unhappy antagonist were powerful. He engaged in the Russian service: he made several campaigns with glory: he was esteemed, and he was preferred. From the time of his fatal dispute with his countryman,

he kept up a constant correspondence with his friend. The interest of Godfrey of his family, of his friends, of all whom they could influence, was employed to soften the rigour of those who had lost the hope of their house: but every letter contained the same piece of mournful news, that they were resolute, and cruel, and all applications ineffectual. The person who had been most determined and immoveable, in his resentment, was Timoleon, an officer of rank, and honorable reputation. What all the entreaties of the world had attempted with the revengeful man in vain, an account from the Russian army of the manner in which the English volunteer had signalized himself, effected. He declared the man who behaved so well in the field could not have killed his nephew unfairly, and sent to the relations of Alexander, to congratulate them on the account of the youth's gallant behaviour, and to assure them that he had no objection to his coming over whenever he pleased, nor should carry his resentment any farther. Alexander received the news with transport. He solicited his discharge from the service: and he obtained it with uncommon marks of honour. He wrote to his friends, and to none with so sincere a joy as Godfrey, that he was on his return. Their friendship was renewed with more than its original warmth; they lived together; their company was the same; their diversions the same: and there was not a pleasure the one enjoyed of which the other had not his share. Among their former acquaintance was Sabina, a woman of spirit and some wit, and, in consequence of those qualities, with an ungoverned temper, she was capricious and petulant. Both the friends *admired* her, but *neither* of them *loved* her. She could have been very happy in the addresses of *either*; but it was impossible, while both were on the same terms with her. She would *to-day* give *one* the preference, and when she saw it gave no pain where it was intended, she would *to-morrow* pay the same compli-

ment to *the other*. She would to the one be for ever excepting against, and quarrelling with, the words that had dropped from the other, in their last conversation: and from criticising on them without effect, she fell into the *next step*—*misrepresenting them*. Some expression of indifference which Alexander had repeated to her from Godfrey, on an occasion of no consequence, she had exaggerated in the repetition, till she taxed him with something, which in reality he had *not* said. The lover, for they were both so *in reality*, though *neither any farther*, denied his having said what she charged him with, and she insisted upon the credit of her account, having had it from Alexander. When Alexander paid his next visit, the coquette insulted him for imposing upon her, and in all the petulance of a peevish beauty, told him "*every body* did not think so slightly of her, as *he* did, or as *he*—" would make her believe *they* did." And, as an instance, told him that she found Godfrey had never said any such thing, as he had repeated to her. Nothing is more tender than the honour of a soldier. A suspicion of his veracity is like a doubt of his courage. He was *nettled* at the reproof: he was concerned that it was Godfrey who had contradicted him. He called upon him immediately. He asked if he remembered what he had said of a certain lady upon such an occasion? Godfrey replied, with some warmth, that he remembered what he had *not* said of her; though he had been charged with it. Alexander fired at the expression, desired he would *recollect*, and not make his character suffer for his forgetfulness. The other answered it was impossible he should remember what had never happened. Both were piqued, both were fiery in their dispositions. They grew more warm as they talked more on the subject, till some unhappy word passed between them, which it is scarcely possible to overlook. Godfrey walked out without company:—but without any determined resolution. Alexander followed him, as if he had understood it was

expected that he should. When they were in a place, distant from all interruption, Godfrey stopped and turned about:—Alexander, with tears in his eyes, caught him by the hand—"Friend—what are we doing?"—Godfrey was pale, irresolute, and yet too angry to be melted by the affectionate manner in which his friend had addressed him. "What can I do?"—said he, drawing as he spoke. "Alexander could not hesitate on such a summons. The conflict was long, neither attempted to hurt the other. The intent on both sides was to disarm—but, by some malicious fate, Godfrey slipped, and fell upon the point of his antagonist's sword!!! Alexander snatched him up in his arms: called heaven and earth to witness, that he would have died rather than willingly have hurt him. The unhappy man confessed the fatal accident of his own seeking;—even he had *compelled* him to what had occasioned this misfortune, begged he would forgive him:—and expired in his arms!—Chance had brought up two villagers to the place, as the dying Godfrey made the declaration. They comforted, in their homely way, the distracted Alexander, and promised to assert, whenever it should be necessary, what they had heard. It was the opinion of the wretched youth's friends that it was his business to escape, since the former misfortune would conceal the effect of every favourable incident on this. He obeyed their request—he took no leave of any one—he went without preparation,—and has never since been heard of!—The families are both unhappy in the highest degree. *Women are seldom aware of the consequences of those disputes in which they engage men. Thus I would observe, trifles may be raised into things of importance by the way of treating them; that no ties are of force against an injury in reputation; and that while women are misrepresenting things in secret, they are playing with the lives of those who are most dear to them!*

The friend of order has made his half way to virtue.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ANECDOTE OF LUCIAN.

THE following anecdote is told by Lucian, in his treatise *against an ignorant man who bought a number of books*. When the Thracian Bacchannels tore Opheus to pieces, they say that his harp was thrown into the river Hebrus, with his bleeding head upon it. While the head sung a lamentable elegy on the fate of its late proprietor, the harp, touched by the wind, accompanied it with a solemn strain; till swimming down the *Ægean* sea, the mournful concert arrived at Lesbos. The Lesbians taking them up, buried the head in the spot where, in Lucian's time, stood the temple of Bacchus: and hung up the lyre in the temple of Apollo. Nenthus, the son of Pittacus the tyrant, who had heard the wonderful qualities of this harp, that it tamed wild beasts and moved even trees and rocks, and that, since the time of Orpheus, it had never been touched, had a violent desire to try its effects. With this view he bribed the priest who had it in keeping, to give it to him, and hang up one similar in its place. Neanthus wisely thought it was not proper to use it by day, nor in the city, lest he should bring the houses about his ears, but hiding it under his robe, went by night to try it in the environs. Being quite ignorant of music, he began scraping upon it at a strange rate, but with no small pride and satisfaction, as deeming himself the worthy heir of the music of Orpheus. The town dogs, who I suppose were all turned loose into the streets at night, as is now the custom in Turkey, came to the sound in crowds. Neanthus in transport imagined, now the beasts had come, the other effects would follow, and looked sharp round to see if a rock or a tree were coming toward him dancing a minuet. Poor man! he was woefully deceived! The dogs had only come thinking the strange noise had proceeded from a wolfe or wild hog, and enraged by the horrid din, tore its unfortunate author to pieces.

ON CONSTANCY.

CONSTANCY is that true and firm strength which prevents the mind from being elevated or depressed by any thing foreign or fortuitous. Neither education nor opinion can produce this strength: the germ of it must be bestowed by nature; judgment and sound reason must be given by fortune. Obstinacy is not constancy; though that likewise makes resistance, is not easily overcome, and elevates itself like the quality it seems to rival, but it rises because it is inflated with wind, like a balloon. Besides, what comparrison is there between vanity, pride, and ignorance, which produces obstinacy; and moderation, wisdom and knowledge, from which constancy is derived? Obstinacy, heated by prejudice, blindly resists; constancy, enlightened by reason, submits when it sees an insuperable obstacle.

WITTY ANECDOTE.

A witness, in the court of King's Bench, being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, the learned gentleman asked him if he was not a *fortune-teller*. "I am not," answered the witness; "but if every one had his due, I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune."—"Well fellow!" said Mr. Garrow, "pray what is to be my fortune?"—"Why, sir," rejoined the witness, "I understand you made your *first speech* at the *Old Bailey*, and I think it is probable that you will there make your *last speech*."

Lord Kenyon told the witness angrily, "That he would commit him."—"I hope," answered he, "your lordship will not commit yourself."

A Lady's maid advertises, that "she is a perfect mistress of all *secrets* of the *toilet*; and that she can translate *nodes* and *winks*!"

Lon. pap.

ANECDOTE.

A very wealthy financier had an only son, who, though he possessed a strong understanding, and gave many proofs of ready wit, had such a passion for play, that he passed all his leisure time at cards, and his whole attention being thus occupied, learned nothing. His father, finding the strength of this propensity, took from him all his tutors, observing, that since he seemed destined by nature to be a gamester, he was resolved to preserve him as much as possible from being a dupe. He therefore assigned him masters in piquet, whist, quadrille, ombre, and back-gammon. He was obliged to rise at day break to take lessons from these, and was allowed scarcely a moment's rest. He was compelled to play from morning till night; which gave him such an aversion to play, that he detested it ever after. He soon earnestly requested that he might again be put under his former teachers. At length his request was complied with, and he returned to his studies with ardour and success.

 SATURDAY, Nov. 8.

To note the passing tidings of the times

.....

London, Sep. 15.

DEATH OF MR. FOX.

At a quarter before six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, this great and illustrious Statesman yielded his last breath in the arms of his nephew, Lord Holland. His dissolution was so gradual, and accompanied by so little struggle, as scarcely to permit the most anxious eye to ascertain the instant. His friends had at least, the sad and melancholy consolation of perceiving that he suffered no pain—and they had been prepared for the event by the unerring symptoms of exhaustion that had increased for the two days preceding. On Friday, at noon, the Physicians announced to him the approaching close, and he received it as he had done in the

first instance, with that firm tranquility of spirit which was characteristic of his nature, and which he maintained to the last.

.....

Incredible as the following circumstance may appear, it is asserted to be a fact: a rat was lately detected in a kitchen, in Edinburgh, in the act of carrying away a silver table-spoon. Upon searching the haunt of the animal, two other spoons, formerly lost, a purse with money, and other valuable articles, were found. A servant in the family, when the last mentioned articles of plate were missed, was discharged and compelled to pay for them.

.....

LONDON FASHIONS, FOR
SEPTEMBER.

Plain muslin dress, a walking length; bodice of white sarsnet, cut low, and ornamented in the back; a hollow roll of muslin round the armhole; a scarf of colored sarsnet, thrown over one shoulder, and only confined by the hands, as they fall naturally to secure it; a shirt of patent net, gathered into a deep standing frill of lace; sarsnet cap the same as the scarf, with lace border put on plain, and formed into a rose in front, bow, with long ends the left side; straw colored gloves and shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

A walking dress of India muslin, with double flounce round the bottom; spencer waist, trimmed round the back, and down the sides to correspond, the front made high, and gathered in the centre of the bosom, into a long gold broach; the throat covered with a sort of stock, with a frill of lace on the top; a straw hat of the turban form, turned up, deep before and behind, and bending downwards on the sides with a narrow curve; gloves, shoes, and parasols of silver grey.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Never was there a period which exhibited a greater variety of female decorations; and it is almost as difficult to find

a costume to condemn, as to describe that to which we give a decided preference. Our general observations of style and effect differs very little from the communications of last month. Short dresses continue as a morning habiliment. They are either made high in the neck, with collars or ruffs, or cut low, and worn with an embroidered shirt of the same.—The shirt-handkerchief is now invariably worn without a collar, by those females whose throats will bear exposition—the shirt, however, sits close round the throat, and is finished either with a border of needlework, or a plaiting of net.—Dress gowns are made with long trains, and generally high in the bosom, so as to preclude the necessity of a handkerchief. The perfectly square fronts prevail over every other; and are particularly becoming to a round, well-made bust. The backs are still very low, and the shoulders quite exposed, except where the ever graceful veil falls tastefully from the head which it ornaments, and, kindly considerate, casts over them the shade of modesty. The long sleeve of worked muslin, or spider net, is sometimes worn in an evening, but the short sleeves is most general, as well as more consistent; they are worn more full on the top than formerly, and are sometimes looped up almost behind with broaches of various descriptions, at other times so short, as to admit a falling of lace. The gypsy cloak still retains its place in the estimation of our fashionable females; but the ribband is not, as formerly, passed through the hem, but is now laid flat all round; and is generally of the changeable or mistake ribband.

The coloured tambour, or shawl bordering, is making rapid advances in the sphere of fashion; when attached to a printed dress, the latter ornament must ever be considered as a redundant and vulgar addition, but a border of tambour or embroidery, in well chosen, and well arranged colours, on cambric muslin, or even a delicate printed border on plain jaconet, or mull muslin, has an animated and pleasing effect.

From the Philadelphia Register.

A gentleman just arrived from Washington, whose veracity and correctness may be relied on, reports that a letter had been received at that place, by a Mr. Henderson, employed in the navy yard, from his brother resident in Kentucky, stating that, in consequence of a commotion of the people, who had declared that country independent, he was about to remove his family to Culpepper, in Virginia.

The serious nature of this report, forbids us to repeat the names of the persons implicated as leaders, until its authenticity is fully ascertained.

It is by no means improbable that the following rumour is connected with this important intelligence, the substance of which, we are told had occupied the executive of the United States, convened in council, during four days of the last week.

The president of the United States was seriously indisposed on Tuesday, and by the last accounts, was still confined.

FIRE—On Thursday evening, about 8 o'clock, a fire broke out in a stable in Cedar street, which communicated to an adjoining dwelling house occupied by Wm. Paulding, esq. but was fortunately got under without doing any material damage.

The city Inspector reports the death of 40 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

*"As the eye
Bears witness to the light, or the charn'd ear
To tuneful indulation; so their hearts
Strike unison to the great law of love."*

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Abely Mr. Thomas White, to Miss Sarah Peabody, both of this city.

Tuesday evening, by the Rev. bishop Moore, Robert Macomb, Esq. to Miss Mary C. Pell.

At Newark, by the Rev. Dr. M'Whorter, Mr. Thomas Shedden, merchant, to Miss Cecilia M' Dowdall, both of this city.

At Patterson, N. J. on Sunday last, by the Rev. Dr. Romaine, Mr. Henry Godwin, to Miss Mary Merselis.

By the same reverend gentleman, Mr. John C. Van Winkle, to Miss Adrianna Merselis,

At Flushing, On Saturday evening last, by the reverend Mr. Clark, Mr. Thomas H. Smith, jun. merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Smith, daughter of the late John H. Smith, of the former place.

....."all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

Last Sunday night, Major John N. Couenhoven, aged 36 years. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

On Sunday, the 2d inst. in Baltimore county, in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Benjamin Banneker, an immediate descendant of an African family; known to scientific men, as an astronomer and mathematician.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Philip Nicklin, of the house of Nicklin and Griffith, merchants of this city.

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Nov. 8.

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Nov. 1. 4t

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluations, Catarrhs, and all Phthisical complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disagrees with the stomach.

It is as restorative as the Asses Milk, and has the addition of the most healing balsamics. It may be taken at all times. It takes off the fever, recruits the strength, raises and refreshes the spirits, clears all obstructions of the breast and lungs and cures common colds in a few hours.

It is for sale, genuine, at four shillings the bottle, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, New York. Nov. 8.

CIRCASSIAN LOTION, FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for surfeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured; Animalcula generated under the cuticle or outer skin; prickly heat, shingles, ring-worms, redness of the nose and chin, obstinate cutaneous diseases, and for every impurity or unnatural appearance with which the skin may be affected. To be used as a common wash for clearing and improving the complexion, and in a superior degree, to preserve, soften, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

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BOOK-BINDING.

Sets of the Weekly Visitor, and Book-Binding generally, neatly performed by John Thompson, 149 Pearl street. Nov. 8.

FASHIONABLE FENDERS.

J. BARHAM,

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Has just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool, an elegant and fashionable assortment of japanned and brass Fenders, and by former arrivals, a handsome assortment of coccalico and black ground Tea trays, tea urns, plate warmers, plated goods, ivory and other knives and forks, satin wood tea caddies, block-tin dish covers, and all other articles suitable for housekeeping in the hard ware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or on credit.

A fashionable assortment of andirons, shovels and tongs, jam hooks, brass-nosed bellows, and hearth brushes, always on hand. Oct. 18



For the Lady's Miscellany

(Selected.)

PROLOGUE TO TASTE.

TASTE,—What is Taste? the quality we find
That gives the *Ton* to man and woman kind.

FLAVIA, whom muslin covers, not conceals,
Who kindly all we wish, and more reveals;
Before, behind, profusely cut away,
Gives to the gazing eye, a grand display;
What Time her glowing charms the ball-room
grace,
The bolster'd bosom, the enamell'd face;
Legs, arms, and elbows, delicately red,
The borrow'd tresses, the thrice-feather'd head,
And bag of camphor, which, with magic care,
Secures the slippery virtue of the fair.
Thus drest, undrest, made up of paint and paste,
Accomplish'd Flavia gives the law to Taste.

What youth is he, with ladies by his side,
All martial circumstances, pomp, and pride,
The crimson sash around him loosely slung,
The sword beside him negligently hung,
Gay epaulette on either shoulder spread,
The plumed hat high towering o'er his head;
And yet so prim, so tapering in the waist,
His step so stately, you would swear he's lac'd!
'Tis captain Gorget, of distinguish'd note,
Who looks a woman in a soldier's coat;
'Tis captain Gorget; and the sex declares,
The taste of captain Gorget equals theirs.

Peace to such Taste!—But when I look around,
Here genuine Taste, here real Feeling's found.
'Tis yours to-night to weep the widow's tear,
The rising race of Poverty to rear.
Each charm, ye fair, with double lustre's grac'd,
When Beauty smiles, and Charity is Taste.

SONG.

COMFORT, damsel! why that sigh?
Heaven in kindness, sends us sorrow—

Patience, damsel! Heaven is nigh:
Brighter prospects greet to-morrow,

Weigh'd down by each passing shower,
Lowly droops the lily's head—
Charg'd with rain, the tender flower
Pensive sinks—its beauty fled.

Rolls the dark storm far away;
See, a livelier hue is given:
The lily glitters doubly gay—
The drop that press'd it came from heaven.

RONDEAU.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

JUST like love is yonder rose—
Heavenly fragrance round it throws;
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars blows,

Just like love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be press'd,

Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
They die—and they shall blossom never,
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,

Just like love.

THE MAIDEN'S WISH.

IF e'er I'm doom'd the marriage chain to wear,
Propitious heaven hear my fervent prayer:
May the lov'd man I'm destin'd to obey,
Still kindly govern with a gentle sway!
May his good sense improve my best of thoughts
And with good nature smile on all my faults!
May every virtue his best friendship know,
And all vice shun him as its mortal foe!
May I, too, find possess'd by the dear youth,
The best of manners, and sincerest truth!
Unblemish'd be his character and fame!
May his good actions merit a good name!
I'd have his fortune easy, but not great;
For troubles often on the wealthy wait.
Be this my fate, if e'er I'm made a wife!
Or keep me happy in a single life.

Idleness has no advocate—but many friends.
Experience becomes prescience.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

'THE passions,' madame de Montier informs us, 'rise up only against those who faintly oppose them.' To a vigorous defence they are sure to submit. He who is under the necessity of plucking nettles, avoids the sting only by seizing them boldly. While he who attacks them more gently, and cautiously, feels how painful it is to eradicate evil dispositions with faintness and irresolution.

NOTHING is more vain than for a woman to deny her age—she cannot deceive herself, who is the only person concerned about it. If a man dislikes a woman, because he thinks her of the age she is, he will only dislike her the more by being told she is younger than she seems to be, and, consequently looks older than she ought to do. The *anno domini* of her face will weigh more than that of her register.

WHAT would be wanting to constitute felicity, if humanity was universally and entirely the 'order of the day?' Sin and misery would vanish from the earth!

PRIDE, when it humbles pride, appears less hateful.

IF to him that is afflicted, pity should be shewn, let it be shewn to him that is afflicted with vice—who is visited with the worst of troubles—an accusing conscience and tyrannical passions.

SOME people throw dirt on the character of others; which, like fuller's earth, sticks awhile but being brushed off, leaves the garment more clean and bright than ever.

WHEN the body of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar was put into a cask of spirits to be transported to England, the bung accidentally fell out, and one of his lordship's fingers made its appearance at the opening. A seaman who had for some years served in the admiral's ship, seized the hand, and, giving it a cordial gripe, and at the same time wiping away a tear that glistened on his weather-beaten cheek, exclaimed, 'D—n me, old boy, if you are not in better spirits than any of us!' Lon pap.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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